UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes **Francis Neilson**

Women Point the Way

By ZONA GALE

Honoring the Heroes of Social Construction

By BERYL D. COHON

Has Shaw a Positive Message or Is He Only a Negative Critic?

By ELLA HAIMAN

VOLUME XCIII NUMBER 16

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UNITY Fellowship

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Contents

EDITORIAL—

Notes 247
Women Point the Way.—ZONA GALE..... 250
Jottings.—J. H. H..... 251

ARTICLES—

Honoring the Heroes of Social Construction.—BERYL D. COHON..... 251
My Jail Experiences. II.—*Mahatma Gandhi*.. 253
Has Shaw a Positive Message or Is He Only a Negative Critic?—ELLA HAIMAN..... 255

POETRY—

A Prayer 247
To William E. Burghardt Du Bois.—SCUDDER MIDDLETON 254

THE STUDY TABLE—

Mysterious Asia.—FREDERICK STARR..... 257

CORRESPONDENCE—

A Question of Morals.—GEORGE ELIOT..... 259

THE FIELD—

The Presbyterian Resolution Against War.... 259
Books Received 260

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIII THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1924 NUMBER 16

A PRAYER

For the Spiritual Union of Mankind

Eternal God, Father of All Souls,
Grant unto us such clear vision of the Sin of War
That we may earnestly seek that Co-operation between Nations
Which Alone can make War Impossible.

As man by his inventions has made the whole world
Into One Neighborhood,
Grant that he may, by his co-operations, make the Whole World
Into One Brotherhood.

Help us to break down all race prejudice:
Stay the greed of those who profit by war, and
The ambitions of those who seek an imperialistic conquest
Drenched in Blood.

Guide all Statesmen to seek a Just Basis
For International Action in the Interests of Peace.
Arouse in the Whole Body of the People an Adventurous Willingness,
As they Sacrificed Greatly for War,
So, also, for International Good-Will,
To Dare bravely, Think wisely, Decide resolutely,
And to Achieve Triumphantly. Amen.

The Boston Herald publishes an editorial which, as one of our correspondents says, "might have been cribbed from UNITY." It is headed, "Anti-War Men Returning," and catalogues more extensively than we have ever done the results of recent political developments in Europe. On the one hand, the great war heroes are passing into obscurity; on the other hand, the men opposed to the Great War, the "pacifists," the "defeatists," even the "traitors," are being lifted to positions of power and renown. Thus in England Field Marshal Haig "does not cut much of a figure in public life," Asquith and Lloyd-George are out of office, Winston Churchill "cannot get a seat in Parliament under any party label," while J. Ramsay MacDonald, hated and hunted throughout the war for his pacifism, is now Prime Minister of the Empire, and a man like Bernard Shaw, who was "disloyal" throughout the war, is now at the zenith of popularity and influence. In France the "father of victory," Clemenceau, is completely and permanently a private citizen, after his resounding defeat for the presidency, and the "Clemencists" have simply disappeared; Tardieu, Mandel, Lefevre, war fanatics, supreme in 1916-1920, were all overthrown in the recent elections; Poincarè was overwhelmed with humiliating defeat, and Millerand is preparing to follow him into retirement. On the other hand Caillaux, convicted and all but shot as a traitor during the war, has made triumphant tours through the provinces and is everywhere being hailed by multitudes as his country's savior; Herriot, confined in Saute jail in 1918, is either premier, or the maker of the premier, while his lieutenant, Malry, convicted and exiled for treason during the war, was elected with his entire ticket to the new Deputies. What does all this mean? We leave our readers to guess. We simply want to confess our satisfaction that during the war we also were a pacifist!

In view of our recent sharp criticism in these columns of the action of the American Unitarian Association on the issue of war, we take especial satisfaction in reporting herewith to our readers the exact information which has just come to us of the action of the Unitarian ministers on this same issue. The Ministerial Union, the national body of Unitarian clergy, sent out to its members a referendum ballot containing among other things the following remarkable resolution:

> Whereas we see that war is the most colossal and ruinous social sin that afflicts mankind today; that it is not only futile but suicidal, and that recognition of this fact is necessary to the continuance of civilization; that it is inherently the defiance of common sense and the denial of common humanity,—
>
> We, therefore, as ministers of religion and public teachers of morality declare now in time of peace our deliberate determination never to sanction or participate in a war; we affirm our conviction that churches as such ought to refuse co-operation with governments in waging war; and we memorialize the American Unitarian Association at its coming session in May to repudiate the entire war system—economic exploitation, imperialism and militarism—to the end that our fellowship may take an honorable, if not a leading part, among religious bodies in the abolition of war.

This resolution, denounced by reactionaries as a "slacker's oath" and a "traitor's pledge," represents without question the most thorough-going declaration against war that has been anywhere formulated in this country. And it was adopted—by a close vote, to be sure, but *adopted!* The Ministerial Union has 468 members, which represents over 95 per cent of all Unitarian ministers in this country, and 98 per cent of all active ministers. Two hundred and twenty-five (225) ballots were returned in this referendum. Of these eleven (11) were void, thirty-six (36) did not vote on the anti-war resolution, eighty-seven (87) were against it,

and *ninety-one* (*91*) *were in favor of it.* This is magnificent—everlastingly to the credit of what still stands as the most enlightened ministry in America. That this action was repudiated by the American Unitarian Association, only shows how far the Unitarian laity is behind its clergy.

Bertrand Russell has returned to England, and one of the most impressive tours ever made in this country by a distinguished foreigner has thus come to an end. Everywhere Professor Russell spoke, he was greeted by great audiences with rapturous enthusiasm, and listened to with a touching interest and reverence. At most of his meetings, admission was charged, frequently at regular theatre rates, but this seemed to make no difference in the attendance. Throngs of eager men and women crowded the auditoriums where he appeared, and vied with one another in paying homage to the distinguished man whom they so honored. From this point of view, Bertrand Russell's visit was a triumph. From another and quite different point of view, it was a failure and disgrace! What was the great public at large allowed to know about this famous Englishman and the message which he brought across the seas to us Americans? Nothing! The silence of our newspapers was wellnigh complete. Only when Mr. Russell got into a controversy with President Lowell, of Harvard, which gave opportunity to make the eagle scream, did his name or words appear in any conspicuous fashion in our public prints. The same journals which publish columns of stuff about millionaires, actors, singers, prizefighters and soldiers from abroad, and blazon forth their most casual comments about anything from women to the weather, reported almost nothing about this one of the most eminent Europeans of the day. But this is not the worst. Turn from the newspapers to the colleges and universities! Here is Mr. Russell, the ablest and most famous mathematical philosopher of modern times—for long an honored Fellow of Cambridge, England—author of learned essays and treatises which are the standard authorities in their field—at the least, a great scholar, at the most, one of the greatest of scholars! But how many colleges in America officially invited him to their halls? How many gave him degrees of honor? So far as we know, Smith College was the only institution which officially received him as a lecturer, though we understand that he appeared also at the Harvard Union. Practically speaking, Professor Russell was ignored. A better measure of the ignorance, cowardice and Pharisaism of American academic life we have never seen!

We have received from a well-known bookseller, a leaflet announcing a "List of Men's Books." *"Books with a Punch!!!"* runs the announcement! This surely is interesting—especially to a mere man like ourselves. Let's see what "men's books" really are! First on the list, appropriately adorned with skulls, cross-bones, and grappling anchors, comes the "Pirates Own Book, or Authentic Narratives of the Lives, Exploits and Executions of the most celebrated SEA ROBBERS—486 pages, 78 illustrations, bound in *black cloth with pirate flag.*" Phew! Next comes "Six Years with the Texas Rangers." Then the "Argonauts of '49." Then follows a long list of thrilling titles—"Frontier Life," "The Cheyenne Indians," "A Cannibal Feast in the Fiji Islands," "Pirates of the West Indies," "The Log of the Cutty Sark," "Salem Vessels and Their Voyages," and others of the same ilk. It is evident enough what men ought to be interested in. The *sea*—more particularly in its dangerous and sensational aspects! —and Indians, frontier life, and fighting. Well and good!—we love our Leatherstocking tales, count Marryat and Clarke Russell among our favorite authors, have adored pirates ever since in our "Rollo book" days we hit on a chance biography of Blackbeard, and have loved cannibals ever since we scraped acquaintance with "Robinson Crusoe." But is this all that men must read? Are there not other fields of literature to which it might be well now and then for even big, two-fisted he-men to turn? What about G. Lowes Dickinson's "War: Its Nature, Cause and Cure," or Bertrand Russell's "Prospects of Industrial Civilization," or C. E. Montague's "Disenchantment," or, to name one more among recent publication, Iconoclast's "J. Ramsay MacDonald"? In other words, would it not be better for us all if men—and women also!—read more for instruction and less for entertainment. Next to knowing the events of the day in our newspapers, is it not our duty to know the thoughts of the day in our books.

We have recently seen (in part) a letter written by a woman born of old American stock, living in Massachusetts. She has been spending this last winter in the South and draws some interesting conclusions from her experience there. She says:

I am a more convinced pacifist than ever since my winter in South Carolina. We in the North have been led to believe that

"the war between the States" was a noble, praiseworthy, entirely good and virtuous undertaking on the part of the North. It was as brutal and beastly as any other war—in spite of the "high ideals" which animated many who engaged in it. It really settled nothing. It impoverished the South to such a degree that now, almost sixty years after, the Carolinas at least have not recovered a reasonable measure of prosperity. It did not change the southern psychology, and it did not elevate the Negro. I firmly believe that, without the bitterness of battle, slavery would have been abolished, and the position of the Negro would be better than it is now, through force of public opinion and economics.

This letter is to us of enormous interest, as the Civil War, for Northern pacifists at least, is a sort of acid test of pacifist intelligence and idealism. It is usually taken for granted that the Civil War was beneficent in its consequences. The heroism with which it was fought, the noble sentiments of patriotism and liberty which were injected into its conflicts, above all the beautiful legend of the great Lincoln, have all combined to make the Civil War to be regarded as a kind of holy war. But if this war was a holy war, why not all wars? Why not very particularly the next war, which will surely be fought for some exalted humanitarian principle? In other words, the Civil War is a hole in the dyke; if the barrier against the war method does not hold there, the whole flood of militarism bursts through. We think that the author of this letter above quoted is right in her judgment, as William Lloyd Garrison, the absolute non-resistant and uncompromising abolitionist, was right in his. It is high time that there was some clear thinking done on this issue of the Civil War. At bottom it was no better than other wars, and accomplished no more good and as much evil. James Russell Lowell called it "the great corrector of enormous times." But was it?

The closing theatrical season (1923-1924) in this country has witnessed certain remarkable events. First among these is the performance, by the Theatre Guild of New York, of a great play—"St. Joan," by G. Bernard Shaw. We have seen this production twice, and regard it as the supreme example of the Shavian drama, and incomparably the greatest play written in English in modern times. Next comes the discovery, or rather the recognition, of a great American actor—Mr. Walter Hampden, now approaching in New York his 250th performance of Rostand's immortal masterpiece, "Cyrano de Bergerac." Mr. Hampden has been known for some years past to be an actor of distinguished ability. His productions of Shakespeare's plays in all parts of the country have given him high rank in the minds of the discriminating. Now at last, in his rendition of the superlatively difficult title rôle of the great French "heroic comedy," he has won top place among the actors of our day. Whether Hampden is a second Booth, or even a second Mansfield, remains to be seen, but certain it is that among his contemporaries he has no rival. Third among the season's events must be named Reinhardt's stupendous production of "The Miracle." Opinions must differ as to the worth of this affair. To us it was boresome, inartistic, and gaudily pretentious. Nevertheless, as a piece of stagecraft, it was an unprecedented achievement. Another notable event was the visit to these shores of a world-famous actress, Eleanore Duse, pathetic in her broken powers and tragic in her forlorn death. Distinctive and distinguished American comedies were seen in "The Show-Off," "Hell Bent for Heaven," and that gorgeous satire, "Beggars on Horseback." Eugene O'Neill revealed his genius imperfectly but none the less unmistakably in his much discussed drama, "All God's Chillun Got Wings." It has been many years since the American theater has witnessed so notable a season.

We doubt if anybody would ever accuse Dr. S. Parkes Cadman of being a prejudiced or pessimistic critic of the church, and yet we find him presenting in his new book, "Christianity and the State," exactly the same picture of disintegrating and disappearing Protestantism that we have again and again presented in these columns. He starts his argument with the statement that the so-called Christian world is turning away from Christianity and becoming not only anti-Christian but irreligious. Popular alienation from the church, which he says was already far advanced before the war, has now gone on continuously since the end of that great struggle. He points out the fact, familiar to all who are willing to face reality, that more than 50,000,000 of the American people, one-half of our entire population, belong to no church of any kind, while millions of the remaining one-half, more or less attached to some church or other, and carefully counted as members in good and regular standing by enthusiastic church statisticians, take their religious obligations lightly, to say the least. He reminds us that less than half of the 53,000,000 children and young people in this country are enrolled in religious schools, and asserts that the enrollment in Protestant Bible Schools has fallen off two-thirds since 1916. It is in the face of such facts as these that our denominational societies are talking happily about the prosperity of the churches and of the steady growth of Christianity! The thing is ridiculous, of course, and we rejoice that so eminent and influential a man as Dr. Cadman, thanks to his essential honesty, is proclaiming the truth for all to hear. We are facing today, as we have so often asserted, the complete breakdown of organized Protestantism. Popular preachers, expensive music, churches with social prestige, can still attract congregations and win large gifts of money from interested individuals. But the masses of the people are not concerned. Nothing can save the situation but a spiritual revival comparable to the Reformation, as destructive of organized Protestantism today as this great movement was in its time destructive of medieval Catholicism.

Women Point the Way

Miss Jane Addams, who has spent her life in doing memorable things, has never served a cause or her country better than in the triumphant carrying through of the Washington International Conference of Women, the subsequent two weeks' summer school in Chicago, and the visits to intermediate cities of the "Pax Special." She will say that she did not do this, but everyone knows that it was her spirit and her power which resulted in this assembling of internationally minded people in all the centers which the foreign delegates visited.

The mere spectacle of those women appearing together on one platform—women of Belgium, of Germany, of France, of Austria, of the Ukraine, of Czecho-Slovakia, of Hungary, of England, Ireland, Turkey, Italy, Holland, Sweden, all so serenely concerned with humanity while their governments quarrel over property, this was enough to open the future and to show how men and women will be behaving sometime. It is interesting to note how far these women have gone in the realization of Mrs. Gilman's simple contention that "the purpose of food is to feed folks," with the assumable corollaries that the purpose of coal and the high seas and credit and harbors is to make life easier instead of more difficult, to manipulate the issues of life instead of creating markets—and death. Just on a basis of this, without anything more ethical than common sense, these women could find international ground.

But there was other ground which the meetings of the Chicago school pointed day by day.

One of the most dramatic moments of the sessions was when there came to the platform Miss Efsaish Youssouf, of Constantinople. Dark, slow-moving eyes, a flexible body whose mobility gave slight stress to every gesture, a low voice, exceeding delicacy of feature—all these made of her a typical illustration of an Oriental tale, compact of the odors and silences and implications of the East. Her American hat, which chanced to be of close turban style, and her smart continental clothes, could not rob her of her inescapable air of an ancient world, of high walls and lattices and incense and sandal-wood. She was an excellent color-sketch of some Sultana! And then she began to speak.

The women of Turkey, she said, had, in a convention, been making certain demands of their government. They had demanded equal divorce laws. Now, when a man tired of his wife, it was only necessary to appear with his ideas before two witnesses and he could put her away, but she had no such freedom. They wished this changed, and not that women should have equal rights with men to free themselves, but that men should have the same rights as women now possess, which would leave divorce possible but not a casual matter. Another demand which the women made was for equal inheritance laws for boys and girls. Now a boy may inherit two thirds of an estate, if no will is made, but a girl can inherit but one third. (This, in its wisdom, it must have occurred to many American women present, is precisely the one-third and two-thirds arrangement which married men and women here now enjoy upon the death of either man or woman intestate, though California did recently try for, and lose, a constitutional amendment providing for a fifty-fifty basis.) There were other demands which the women of Turkey have made, and Miss Youssouf told about them all, in her soft voice and with her gentle speech. And it was a moving thing to see her there, speaking so, with all her background visible about her. The advance of the women of the world was never more dramatically symbolized than in the presence and the speech of this small sister from the East.

And then she added two messages of electric effect upon the listening women:

> Now the women of Turkey have learned much from America, but the women of America can learn something from the women of Turkey. You of the West, you do not meditate. We read a poem, and then we sit and think about it for a long time. You read a poem and then you read another poem and then you read another. You do not meditate. Now of course we want to learn your way of rushing about too, but we wish that you could learn our meditation. Take an hour every day to meditate—only an hour!—and you will find how much you will gain.
>
> And then I want to ask you something. Please do not send your missionaries over to us. You know that we respect your religion and that we respect its prophets. But we ask that you respect our religion and our prophets too. When you send to us the missionaries of your religion, you work great hardship upon us. For our young people follow your missionaries but our older people will not do that, and so you break up families and you cause great bitterness and hardship among us. Do not, please, send your missionaries to us any more.

There was applause from her audience for both these sentiments. There was applause for her. After the session had adjourned she was surrounded. And there were those in the group who remembered what uprisings have resulted, with missionaries as the innocent cause.

> "Your hospitals and your schools," she said, "we are glad to have those. They have meant much to us. But our religion—do not touch that."

There was not a speaker among the foreign delegates who did not bring her word which widened the outlook of the other women, and set windows in many a wall. The whole conference was a notable achievement as a clearing ground for the women of the world, to show one another where their interests lie in a consideration of our main business of taking care of a planet.

ZONA GALE.

Jottings

There is much rejoicing among pacifists over the declaration of the Methodist Convention that "Governments which ignore the Christian conscience of men in time of peace cannot justly claim the lives of men in time of war." Well, we should think so! If this doesn't place the Methodists squarely behind the conscientious objector, then words have no meaning.

Still the good work goes on of cleaning out the European governments. Stresemann, the Chancellor who betrayed his countrymen to France in the Ruhr, is ousted from the German cabinet. Millerand, the French President, follows Poincaré into oblivion. A few more of the political vermin exterminated and Europe will be saved.

This is a true story! A university president addresses a Men's University Club, and tells the members that they are the intellectual and cultural light of the community, that theirs is the duty and privilege to spread Culture abroad among their fellow-citizens. He dwells at great length on these men spreading Culture. When he finishes, there is great applause, followed by an involuntary breaking forth into song, "Yes, we have no bananas." Is "Babbitt" exaggerated? Yes, it is *not!*

Definitions of violence are always interesting, and not seldom illuminating. Henry Nevinson gives a new one in the preface to his volume of reminiscences, "Changes and Chances." His son, applying for a passport, was accused of having a father of "very violent opinions." When the son protested, the English official said, "When I say violent opinions, I mean *he doesn't see eye to eye with the man in the street.*"

"There are three things which are too wonderful for me," says the author of the book of *Proverbs;* "Yea, four which I know not: the way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea; and the way of a man with a maiden." To which we add a fifth—the way of Nicholas Murray Butler as a champion of free thought and free speech!

A correspondent, describing a recent faith-healing service in New York, speaks an impressive word: "One thing Mr. Bell (the healer) did say, to which I almost agreed—that no man can be really healthy who harbors thoughts of Hate." In spite of all our scepticism on this subject, we believe this to be true. Hate leads not only to insanity, but to physical disorder. Read, for example, Dr. Cannon's book on "Bodily Changes in Pain, Hunger, Fear and Rage"!

J. H. H.

Honoring the Heroes of Social Construction

Some twenty-two thousand men and women lost their lives in the past year on America's industrial frontier. More than a quarter of a million workmen suffered serious injury in the performance of the constructive work of peace. In our transportation system alone 5,358 men fell; in our factories 5,013 lost their lives. Three thousand two hundred and ninety-two were killed in the tilling of our farms and the caring for our forests; 3,206 were crushed to death in our mines. These men did not die as Catholics, Protestants or Jews, and they did not die in the defense of any creed or race. They died as men in the upbuilding of humanity's common good. To them no monuments are raised and for them no prayers are chanted. They lie in unfrequented—and too often forgotten—graves, as unhonored in death as in life. On Memorial Day we pay tribute to our heroic sons who fell in war. This we should. But, should not these heroes of peace too be recalled with reverence?

To memorialize these heroes of social construction, a small group of Cincinnati citizens instituted a brief service and simple ritual a year ago on Memorial Day which was repeated this year with an increased number of worshippers. The service was held at 8:30 a. m. at Spring Grove Cemetery. The graves decorated were those of a factory worker, a railroader, a policeman and a fireman who lost their lives in the discharge of their duties and of a woman who died in childbirth.

The service was opened with the singing of the following hymn:

Say not they died, those martyr souls
Whose life is wing'd with purpose fine;
Who leave us, pointing to the goals;
Who learn to conquer and resign.

Such cannot die; they vanquish time,
And fill the world with growing light,
Making the human life sublime
With memories of their sacred might.

They cannot die whose lives are part
Of that great life which is to be,
Whose hearts beat with the world's great heart,
And throb with its high destiny.

Then mourn not those who, dying, gave
A gift of greater light to man:
Death stands abashed before the brave;
They own a life he may not ban.

Dr. Henry Englander of the Hebrew Union College then offered the following prayer:

Our God and Father, Thou Great Worker, Supreme Architect, Who hast endowed man with the capacity to co-operate with Thee in the furtherance of the end Thou hast destined for our common humanity, we turn to Thee, Who callest upon the high and low to promote, each in his own way, each in his own sphere, each according to the measure of his strength, the cause of justice, righteousness and peace; we turn to Thee on this day, set aside to memorialize the heroes who fell in battle to vindicate the principal of the indissolubleness of this our

beloved nation and the right of freedom for all; we turn to Thee in this hour to memorialize also the heroes of social construction, heroes who gave their lives in days of peace while engaged in pursuits that make for peace, heroes who served Thee and Thy cause by serving their fellowmen, heroes, who by their labors have blessed others, who by their toil have contributed to the common good.

We memorialize now the true builders of a nation, who constitute its sinews and its bones, who spent and spend their lives in patient productive and constructive work which in truth makes for the strongest bulwark a people can have.

Bless, O God, the work of their hands, bless every work that contributes to the peace, comfort and welfare of society, yea every work that welds in closer union the bonds of brotherhood and weakens the bonds of wickedness.

Establish, O God, the work of our hands, yea also the work of our hands establish Thou it. Amen.

Miss Jennie D. Porter, principal of the Harriet Beecher Stowe School, one of the fine spirits of Cincinnati's colored community, then read the following selection from the "Chants Communal" by Horace Traubel:

We worship the destroyer. We despise or at least ignore the builder . . . You look with awe upon a battlefield. Do you not look with as much awe upon a tunnel? Here is an honest battle. A battle with the rocks . . . Here is a battle in which no other takes up arms against a brother. Yet this battle, too, has its victims. And you look on and think and say nothing. . . . You look down into these holes in the ground and your pulse is undisturbed . . . What is the matter? . . .

Some men die that you may live. Some on scaffolds . . . Some on battlefields. Some in tunnels . . . You can understand Savonarola burned at the stake. You can understand John Brown, executed at Harper's Ferry. Why do you fail to understand this somebody sacrificed in the tunnel? I do not say that . . . the stake and the scaffold have tricked you. But I do say that the tunnel has tricked you . . . For if you fail to understand the tunnel you deny all martyrdom . . .

He died humbly crushed beneath a rock. They have brought him out of the ground. His face is pale but satisfied. Your city of millions will not stay in its heavy round to regard his anonymous visage. Yet this unknown man has saved your city. But for him your city would not exist. All labor lies there prostrate in his inert form. Come out of your churches, all of you and worship here. Leave your creeds behind. This is creed enough. Worship here. Here is religion enough.

Dr. George A. Hedger of the Department of History, University of Cincinnati, then delivered the following address:

Memorial Day is traditionally associated with ceremonial honors to our soldier dead. Everywhere in our country, American citizens are being reminded to-day of the self-sacrifice and devotion of those who have given their lives in defense of great causes. We who are assembled here have no desire to detract from the recognition which the living owe to those men. We merely desire to submit for the thoughtful consideration of the men and women of our community the worthy cause of those who have died on the more obscure fields of peaceful endeavor.

Every year in the United States some 22,000 men and women meet death in the performance of the constructive works of peace, and more than a quarter of a million suffer serious injury. In our coal mines alone, during the last ten years, 25,000 men have met violent death in the course of their labor. These comprise the army of men and women who fall in the pitiless warfare of modern industry. To them must be added a much smaller number who forfeit their lives in various forms of splendid service to humanity. These soldiers of peace form no national or racial army; they belong to the world at large. They are men of science who brave and meet death in search of the sources of disease. They are engineers who dare and achieve the seemingly impossible. They are women who die even while they give life. They are men and women who face plague and contagion to care for their stricken fellows. They are men who fall by hundreds as they labor in the far corners of the earth to span jungle and swamp with modern steel highways, or who die before the deadly fire damp and dust explosion in our coal mines. They are men and women who fall victim to whirling machinery and flying belts in factory and mill. It is the productive achievements of these and many more besides that enter into the very warp and woof of our civilization. They are the heroes of social construction. If any object that they but did their plain duty in contributing to the world's work, we reply that theirs was the lot to serve on the firing line where dangers are thickest and burdens often the heaviest, that we might lead more sheltered lives, feel less of the painful and taste less of the bitter. For these heroes of peace no public ceremonies are being held today. Too often they have gone to all but nameless graves.

It is told of Pericles, that as he lay dying, he overheard friends at his bedside recounting the splendid services which he had rendered to the Athenian state as a soldier. Summoning the last measure of his strength, he turned to rebuke them, that they had magnified his warlike achievements and had failed to discern that the most enduring contributions of his life had sprung from his devotion to the arts of peace. When shall we free ourselves from the glamor of war? When shall we penetrate its disguises? When shall we understand, however fitting it is to honor the soldier in recognition of the splendid spirit of self sacrifice with which he fell in pursuit of what was to him a holy cause, that the enterprise of war must from its very nature draw in its train ruin and desolation, unutterable misery and despair? The time must never come when we shall fail to honor unselfish devotion to moral ideals, but when shall we be made to understand that war is not the fulfillment but all too often the betrayal of moral ideals? When will the truth dawn that the moral objectives, so far as they actuate the conduct of the soldier, are one thing; and that the fruits of war are another and quite different thing?

Granted the ennobling influence of the self sacrifice of the soldier, can we escape realization of the terrible price which society must pay in return when war demands its tribute? Is there then, we ask, no heroism worthy of honorable recognition outside the heroism of war? Who will dare to say that there is no heroism, no devotion to high moral purpose, among the millions who engage in laborious and hazardous occupations, thousands of them urged on and sustained by the desire to shield those near to them from pain, sustained by visions of the future, visions of the kind of men and women they desire their children to be? One of the most heartening features of our social life, in the present sad and brutal state of affairs in the world is, it seems to me, the evidence borne in upon us from every side, if we will but look about us, of the existence everywhere of men and women whose lives are little else than a never ending sacrifice looking to the realization of what is worthy for family or for society. Whatever may be the views of persons generally upon the question, our presence here today, if I mistake not, signifies our clear conviction that heroism is to be found in the walks of peace no less worthy of recognition than heroism in the walks of war. Our presence signifies too our determination to honor in this slight

and all too inadequate way those who have fallen in the high enterprise of social construction.

How weak is the group who have assembled for this worthy purpose. How feeble is the voice that we can raise, and how slight the influence that we can exert in honor of these heroes of social construction. Two great barriers stand against us. They are traditions of the past. If the general acclaim of the soldier of war drowns out the acclaim of the soldier of peace, it is largely because we are still the sad victims of an historical past which viewed the profession of arms as the noblest of all pursuits, and war as the most worthy exercise of the noblest; and it is probably no less because we are still the sad victims of another tradition of the same historical past which regarded all labor as the ignoble pursuit of the ignoble, the fruits of whose toil were to be accepted as having no better use than the sustaining of the military enterprises of the noble. Not yet have we laid to our hearts the stern lessons of a Carlyle, of the dignity, the worth, and the honor that attach to work. How the force of these two traditions is to be broken I do not know, but until it is broken our numbers in this endeavor must remain small, our voices weak, and our influence slight. Be it so. If we believe that what we are doing here today holds potentialities for future social good, let us go on.

Rev. Mark A. Cain, S. J., of St. Xavier College spoke the following words, the composition of Rabbi James G. Heller of Cincinnati, before the placing of the flowers upon the grave of the factory worker:

Thou toiler and worker, serving mankind with hand and mind, unto us hast thou set an example of the brotherly love expressed in true hearted labor. In thy death hast thou given us a symbol of life, creative, toiling life—and thus hast thou blessed us.

Before the placing of flowers upon the grave of the woman who died in childbirth, Rev. Cain spoke these words:

O thou mother, whose body lies low—thy spirit is near unto God Himself. Out of thine own heart thou didst give a child unto the dawning sun,—and thine own life waned transfused into his. Thou art a sign to us of all life, holding high its smoking torch, and handing it across the abyss of death. We thank God that He gave us thee, who are selfless love and deathless sacrifice.

Rev. Cain spoke these words before the placing of the flowers upon the grave of the police officer:

Thou guardian of our safety, dedicated unto the city's laws, for thee are these flowers of memorial. Staunchly and heroically didst thou give thyself unto the common good. In times of peace didst thou espouse danger, that thy fellows might enjoy security. May the Almighty grant thee the reward of those who lay their lives upon the altar of duty.

Before placing the flowers upon the grave of the railroader, Rev. Cain spoke the following words:

Upon thy grave, O brave guardian of the steel ways, we strew flowers. Thou too hast served well, and in thy service didst find the seal of immortality. Thy death has written a resonant "amen" upon the aspiring prayer of thy humble life. Out of our hearts we thank thee that thou didst live and die for us.

Rev. Cain spoke these words before the placing of the flowers upon the grave of the fireman:

Unto thee, O courageous fighter of the flames, we render our homage, expressed by these blossoms. Thou didst brave the wild element with sturdy heart. Thou didst defend the dwellings of men even with thine own life. Unto thee we give thanks for the gift of thy hardihood, of thy protection.

Dr. F. K. Farr of Lane Theological Seminary pronounced the benediction.

The Lord hear you in the day of trouble:
The name of the God of Jacob defend you:
Send you help from the sanctuary,
And strengthen you out of Zion:
Remember all your offerings,
And accept your burnt sacrifice:
Grant you your heart's desire:
And fulfill all your counsel.
The Lord bless you, and keep you:
The Lord make His face to shine upon you,
And be gracious unto you:
The Lord lift up His countenance upon you,
And give you peace. Amen.

BERYL D. COHON.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

My Jail Experiences

II.

It was on Saturday the 18th March that the trial was finished. We were looking forward to a quiet time in the Sabarmati jail at least for some weeks. We had expected that the Government would not let us remain in that jail for any length of time. We were, however, not prepared for the very sudden removal that actually did take place. For the reader may recall that we were removed on Monday the 20th March to a special train which was to take us to the Yerawada Central Jail. We were made aware of the proposed removal only about an hour before departure. The officer in charge was all politeness and we were enabled to feel perfectly comfortable in the journey. But immediately on alighting at Kirkee we observed the difference and were made to feel that we were prisoners after all. The Collector and two others were awaiting the train. We were put in a motor prison-van which had perforations for ventilators. But for its hideous appearance it could well be a pardah motor. Certainly we could see nothing of the outside world. For the story of our reception at the jail, the tearing away of Mr. Banker from me, his restoration, the first interview, and kindred interesting details, I must refer the reader to my letter to Hakimji Ajmalkhan Saheb, already published in these columns. After the first unpleasantness the relations between the then Superintendent Col. Dalziel and ourselves rapidly improved. He was most considerate regarding our creature comforts. But there was a certain something about him which always jarred. He would never forget that he was Superintendent and we were prisoners. He would not let it be granted that we were fully aware that we were prisoners and he was Superintendent. I make bold to say that we never once forgot that we were prisoners. We showed him all the deference due to his rank. The reminders were so unnecessary. But he had the needlessly haughty demeanor which one often regretfully notices about so many British officials. This weakness in him made him distrustful of the prisoners. Let me give a pleasant illustration of what I mean. He was most anxious that I should eat more than I was taking. He wanted me to take butter. I told him I could take only goat's milk butter. He

gave special orders that it should be procured at once. Well, it came. The difficulty was what to mix it with. I suggested that some flour might be issued to me. It was given. But it was too coarse for my very delicate digestive apparatus. Refined mill flour was ordered and 20 pounds was issued to me. What was I to do with all this? I cooked, or Mr. Banker cooked for me *chapatis*. After some trial I felt I needed neither flour nor butter. I asked that the flour might be removed from me and the issue of butter stopped. Col. Dalziel would not listen. What was issued was issued. I might feel tempted later. I pleaded that it was all waste of public money. I gently suggested that I was as solicitous about the use of public money as I would be about my own. There was an incredulous smile. I then said, "Surely it is my money." "How much have you contributed to the public treasury?" was the quick retort. I humbly replied, "You contribute only a percentage out of the salary you get from the state, whereas I give the whole of myself, labor, intelligence and all." There was a loud burst of suggestive laughter. But I did not collapse for I believed what I said. A laborer like me who labors for the state for mere maintenance contributes more to the state than a Viceroy who receives Rs. 20,000 together with royal residencies and contributes to the state, if his salary be not income tax free, a certain percentage of his salary. It becomes possible for him and those who belong to the system of which he is the chief to receive what he does out of the labor of millions. And yet many Englishmen and some Indians honestly believe that they serve the state (whatever the word may mean to them) more than the laborers and in addition contribute from their very salaries a percentage towards the upkeep of the state. There never was a grosser fallacy or a more absurd presumption than this modern belief in self-righteousness.

But I must return to the gallant Colonel. I have given the pleasantest sample of Col. Dalziel's haughty distrust. Will the reader believe that I had to carefully preserve the flour till the advent of Major Jones who took Col. Dalziel's place when the latter acted for the Inspector General of Prisons?

Major Jones was the very reverse of Col. Dalziel. From the very first day of his arrival, he became friends with the prisoners. I have a vivid recollection of our first meeting. Although he came with Col. Dalziel with becoming ceremonial, there was a refreshing absence of officialdom about him. He greeted me familiarly and talked about my fellow prisoners in Sabarmati and conveyed their regards too, which he said they had sent. Though a strict disciplinarian, he never stood on his dignity. I have rarely met an official whether European or Indian so free from humbug or false notions of prestige and dignity. He was ready to confess errors—a dangerous and rare practice with Government officials. He once awarded punishment not to a "political" prisoner but to a helpless bonafide criminal. He subsequently came to learn that the punishment was not deserved. He straightway and without and pressure from outside cancelled it and made the following remarkable entry: "I repent of my decision" in the prisoner's history ticket. The accurate manner in which the prisoners sum up superintendents is truly amazing. Major Jones was *"bahot bhala."* They had nicknames for every one of the officials.

To finish however the story of my attempt to save the flour and other superfluous articles of diet. At Major Jones's very first visit of inspection I requested that what I did not need should be cut off. He immediately gave orders that my request should be complied with. Col. Dalziel distrusted my motives, his successor took me at my word and he allowed me to make all the changes I wanted in the interest of economy, never once suspecting that I could be guilty of mental reservations.

Another official with whom we early came in contact was of course the Inspector General of Prisons. He was stiff, monosyllabic and gave one the impression that he was severe. His reserve was peculiarly his own and most uncomfortable for poor prisoners. Most officials being deficient in imagination often do unintentional injustices. They refuse to see the other side. They do not have patience to listen to prisoners and expect from them prompt, coherent replies and failing to get them, succeed in giving wrong decisions. Visits of inspection are often therefore a farce and almost invariably result in the wrong men—bullies or sycophants —being favored. The right man, the silent humble prisoner will not be heard. Indeed most of the officials frankly admit that their duty is confined to keeping the prisoners sanitarily clean, preventing prisoners from fighting one another or from absconding and keeping them healthy.

Young India. —*Mahatma Gandhi.*

(To be continued.)

TO WILLIAM E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS*

The race that wheedles mercies from its God
Shall be the beggar always at His door;
It shall debase itself before the rod,
And live among the shadows evermore.
But when with growing pride in self it stands
Asking no favors of the clouds or men,
To it God reaches down His mighty hands,
To it are all to-morrows given then.

You know these hands! Beyond the cotton-fields,
Beyond the creaking tree, the faggot's flame,
Your eyes have caught the vision of a race
Rising by greater truths than pity yields.
And you have made it dream, speak out its name—
Proud of that ancient ebon of its race.

SCUDDER MIDDLETON.

*Spoken on the occasion of a dinner tendered him on his recent return from Africa.

Has Shaw a Positive Message or Is He Only a Negative Critic?

How difficult it is to decide the true value of a man from what he writes! Can we reconstruct Shaw's character and dogmatically state his views by listing the types of characters in his plays, and by striking the dominant tone that vibrates through the mind of each? The result would be a complex composition, but no more complex than Shaw himself. In William Archer's estimate of his plays, he says that two are works of genius; one is an outrage upon society, upon decency, and upon art; the other has rare beauty and is as true a poem as ever was written in prose. In his best emotional form Archer says, "My whole soul went out in admiration and gratitude to the man who had created 'Candida.' I re-read an act of 'The Philanderer' and I wanted to cut him in the street." Since this is the effect that Shaw usually produces, is it strange that the double question has been asked—"Has Shaw a positive message or is he only a negative critic?"

In spite of all questioning opposition Shaw has remained himself. He has forced the public to accept him as he is. The public has no love of innovations. It has its accepted formulas and reluctantly acknowledges that anything is beautiful or worth while if it is presented in a new garb. In a recent book review of the New York *Times,* Mr. Bagger characterized the reading public as "apt to want something novel, but not too novel; familiar, but not too familiar." Recognizing this weakness of the crowd, Shaw with the serenity of wisdom has followed his own vision, satisfied that he can see better and more clearly than the dear public.

The artist is necessarily a rebel. He demands the truth and despises the artificialities that please the crowd. With his seeing eye it is not possible for him to accept the viewpoint of the crowd nor to act like the crowd. It is his far-seeing vision and his new ideas that contribute toward progress. In all lines of progress a creator, an artist, revolts against encrusted theories that keep life static. Shaw delights in joining the revolt, thrilling himself, and shocking his audience by pretending that he is an enigma.

He is not enigmatic but he is the most ingenious writer of the age. He considers himself as a man above the law. He proves this when he writes:

> I had no taste for what is called popular art, no respect for popular morality, no belief in popular religion, no admiration for popular heroics. As an Irishman I could not pretend to patriotism, neither for the country I had abandoned nor the country that had ruined it. As a humane person I detested violence and slaughter whether in war, sport or the butcher's yard. I was a socialist, detesting our anarchical scramble for money and believing in equality as the only possible and permanent basis for social organization, discipline, subordination, good manners and selection of fit persons for high function. Fashionable life, open on indulgent terms to unincumbered "brilliant" persons, I could not endure.

After reading this declaration of his doctrines, no one would ever use the word "negative" in connection with Shaw, except to feel that he negatives statements in order to make them just that much more positive.

Shaw realized that he did not belong to the great medial zone of humanity but to the small ten per cent that was different. A visit to an oculist confirmed this opinion. He wrote,

> The oculist tested my eyesight one evening and informed me that it was quite uninteresting to him because it was normal. I naturally took this to mean that it was like everybody else's but he rejected this construction as paradoxical and hastened to explain to me that I was an exceptional and highly fortunate person optically, normal sight conferring the power of seeing things accurately and being enjoyed by only about ten percent of the population, the remaining ninety percent being abnormal. I immediately perceived the explanation of my want of success in fiction. My mind's eye, like my body's, was normal. It saw things differently from other people's eyes and saw them normally.
>
> This revelation produced a considerable effect on me. At first it struck me that I might live by selling my works to the ten percent who were like myself but a moment's reflection showed me that these must all be as penniless as I, and that we could not live by, so to speak, taking in one another's washing. How to earn daily bread by my pen was then the problem. Had I been a practical common sense money-loving Englishman, the matter would have been easy enough. I should have put on a pair of abnormal spectacles and aberred my vision to the liking of ninety percent of potential book-buyers. But I was so prodigiously self-satisfied with my superiority, so flattered by my abnormal normality that the resource of hypocrisy never occurred to me. Better see rightly on a pound a week than squint on a million. The question was, how to get a pound a week.

He succeeded in getting this pound a week by dramatic criticisms. By his unmistakable genius and fearless opinions he compelled people to accept what he said and created a discriminating taste that put an end to the uncritical worship of the popular idols of the day. To paraphrase his own words, he succeeded in establishing his own literary prestige. He did this by tenacious insistence upon his own merits.

Shaw is a socialist. The spreading of socialistic ideas is his passion. He regards all his works as merely means of spreading his propaganda. A man with such a passion as this must make an indelible imprint on the age in which he lives. One practical result of his socialism was his marriage to a socialist. He tells us that he married for money, but we need not believe this shocking avowal. We can answer him as someone suggested that his wife answer him, as Anne answers John Tanner in "Man and Superman," "Go on talking, you talk so well."

Shaw never stops talking. He talks about everything. The theatre is the platform from which he can speak to the public freely and fully. He is a logical speaker, bold and forceful. He intersperses his discourses with anecdotes and fundamental truths—truths both platitudinous and exceptional—but all so aptly phrased that a wisdom volume has been compiled that contains his paradoxical statements that form an inexhaustible supply of quotations for those of us who wish to appear scintillatingly bright and quick at repartee.

He suffers no illusions to blur the clarity of his vision. This mental attitude makes him a cynic in the philosophical sense of the word for he scorns social conventions and loves to defy them. He does not concern himself about what others think, but what he thinks is of paramount importance. He thinks it possible to transform man into super-man. Desiring this end, he wishes to break all bonds that hamper progress. Such bonds are created by false purposes, false ideals. He, therefore, endeavors to strike off these enslaving chains by setting his genius to work in order to destroy them, for he knows there is no real personal liberty as long as the whole of human society is shackled by ignorance and superstition.

No man that speaks the truth as fearlessly as Shaw does can hope to be liked. I have read somewhere that

he does not like to be liked, but that he likes to be feared. How true this is, I do not know, but surely it is true that Shaw's actions are not controlled by the desire to make people like him: yet no sane man purposely assumes a rôle to make people dislike him. He seems serenely indifferent whether he is loved or hated. He does not suffer from any sort of sentimentality. He loves his fellow man rationally as the result of his philosophy of life.

We know that the ordinary individual scorns to advertise himself and public opinion condemns personal advertisement. We have coached our condemnation in the catch phrase, "Self praise is half scandal." All of this means nothing to Bernard Shaw for he delights in advertising himself. Never did there live a greater advertiser than Shaw. Neither Julius Caesar nor Elbert Hubbard was his equal. He has done what he seriously intended to do—he has made the world accept "that most successful of all his fictions—G. B. S." Wherever he could and whenever he could he proclaimed himself a genius. When he offered the public "Plays for Puritans," he challenged the world with his own estimate of his works, asking if they were not better than Shakespeare. He glories in the blatant "Hip, Hip, Hurrah" of himself that would make the ordinary man ashamed, but he recognizes the fact that he is no ordinary man and it is in the strength of this very knowledge that his fame has become world-wide. Now that he is famous he does not stop advertising himself.

"Stop advertising myself!" he said. "On the contrary, I must do it more than ever. Look at Pears' soap. There is a solid house if you like, but every wall is still plastered with their advertisements. If I were to give up advertising, my business would immediately begin to fall off. You blame me for having declared myself to be the most remarkable man of my time. But the claim is an arguable one. Why should I not say it if I believe that it is true?"

Most of his contemporaries say of him that he is a very clever man, but he is neither serious nor sincere; others, less dogmatic, are content to ask themselves, "Is he a negative critic?" or "Has he a positive message?" When the question was put to him, "Are you really in earnest in all that you say, write, and do?" He replied, "If you believe me to be really in earnest you have no need of my assurance; if you do not think me in earnest, it is quite useless to give you an assurance which you would not need." This answer is as riddling as the reply of Merlin, but it is typical of the man whose temperament is attuned to withstand all kinds of pressure. He laughs at life, but his life is merely a means of bolstering up an ironical lightness of heart. He reveals what he knows about life, but he knows that he cannot strip truths of their usual veneering and leave them to the distracted minds of the unthinking public, so he assumes a flippancy of gesture, an ironic bantering as clothing for the most caustic truths. Shaw's sincerity is beyond dispute. It is in order to give his message with greater force that he assumes the rôle of jester. He once explained, "My method, you will have noticed, is to take the utmost trouble to find the right thing to say and then say it with the utmost levity. And all the time the real joke is that I am in earnest." He does not write merely for the pleasure of writing but in order to teach others what he knows and sees. He has the temperament of a school-master. He loves to instruct despite his cynicism, "He who can, does; he who cannot, teaches." It is not that he wishes to force his own views but he wishes to stimulate the public mind. He feels sure that if people really think they will finally think much as he does.

A keen sense of justice dominates the creation of the characters in his plays. He judges impersonally and impartially. When he wishes to judge men, he looks at the case from their point of view, never from his own. Since he believes in universal determinism, it is easy for him to handle a case objectively. According to his view, under given conditions men will evolve to a certain plane, and they cannot be different from what they are. With this thought clearly in mind, he does not hate them but feels a certain degree of sympathy for them as he exhibits their weaknesses.

In his own thinking, and as far as can be done in modern society, he has made himself the man of tomorrow—man as he will be when all the wrappings are stripped off. Shaw in his every act has realized this type of the future—this superman who looks with quiet condescension upon the man of today. No wonder the critics have failed to understand him. He deals in realities that make him appear unsocial, insensitive and immoral.

Those who love the unrealities are constitutionally hostile to Shaw. To many people it seems immoral to brush aside illusions, to unmask the conventions and to reveal truth in its undefiled and naked reality. Sherwood Anderson and Arthur Schnitzler are constantly attempting to do this and are constantly arousing the hostility of the critic who cannot distinguish between the fundamental difference of ordinary romantic morality and the deeper truth of the realist morality. Shaw assures us that man should be sincere, without hypocrisy, without prejudices—free and in his freedom, strong.

Freedom of thought and freedom of action spell danger to the conventional minded so it is easily understood why many critics consider the morality of Shaw's characters as immoral. To them his characters preach forbidden doctrines. To those who think like Shaw, their conduct is merely different and their frankness is preferable to the dwarfing conventions which produce men blind with prejudice and hypocrisy.

In Louis Untermeyer's "The Heaven of Main Streets," we have a last criticism of Shaw put in the giggling comment of Rita, a typical character of Main Street. Untermeyer gives Shaw a fixed region in the literary firmament.

We have been over to the Bernard Shaw heaven to hear him read his prefaces to his latest drama of religion. "Back to the Protoplasm," he calls it. An awful bore. Shaw is getting frightfully dull, don't you think? And so sentimental!

It isn't his old fashioned sentiment that I object to. It does him credit, poor dear, it is his public school ideas. I suppose there was a time when the man was amusing, but his trick of stating the obvious in terms of the scandalous (you remember the wicked phrase in "The Tart Set") is really too provincial.

As a matter of fact, Shaw refuses to pander to the provincial mind, but makes a universal appeal. He is a deep thinker, an epitome of the age, a philosopher of common sense.

ELLA HAIMAN.

THE STUDY TABLE

Mysterious Asia

It is rare that a man of scientific training, a technical expert whose judgment is sought by governments and institutions, has a truly literary style or the ability to observe and describe, what he sees and hears about him in a fascinating way. Yet this Pole, Ferdinand Ossendowski, has such a style and describes in such a way. Already known by his "Beasts, Men and Gods," which had a great success, in his new book "Man and Mystery in Asia,"[1] he narrates some of his experiences in expeditions into four separated areas in that great, almost unknown territory, Siberia. The very titles of his areas are in themselves suggestive and whet the curiosity—the land of vanished nomads, the tiger country, the vanished island, in the shadow of the great Altai. He takes us into the region of which Tomsk is the center, into Manchuria and the Amur, into Saghalien. Sometimes, as in The Bitter Lake, he describes a region or a feature with rare precision; sometimes he depicts life and life conditions as in A Battle of Tarantulas; sometimes he paints pictures of life sad and terrible, as in Tiger Men and The Black Monk; sometimes, as in With Those Who Came Out of Hell, he sketches the life of the banished criminal, against whom the whole world has turned. As a Pole, our author could not love the old regime in Russia, though he had often to serve and form a part of it, but he *hates* and despises the new "Red Russia." Ossendowski's personal experiences of Siberia range from 1899 to 1920, a period of more than twenty years. It is curious that Poles have been so associated with Siberia, that one could say, at the inauguration of the Siberian Club in Petrograd: "We Poles have two countries: one is Poland; the other, Siberia." The Russian government, glad to keep their Polish subjects as far from their own country as possible, sent doctors, scholars and soldiers thither. Ossendowski, in his wanderings from the Urals to the Pacific and from the Indian frontier to the Arctic regions, often met other Polish explorers. His stories, however, are not of them—but of Tatars and Koreans, of Ainu and Russians. Through the years Imperial Russia has done her best, knowingly and in ignorance, to produce hideous and ghastly conditions in Siberia, her exile ground. During her half century of owning Saghalien, she made it a place of unspeakable horror and cruelty. Yet Siberia is a lovely land, notwithstanding all that the white man has done to make it hideous. In describing it our author stirs one's blood, arouses sympathies, causes chills of horror. Withal he is a hunter; and, as he claims that all hunters are superstitious, we may attribute his occasional betrayals of superstition to that fact in and not to his rigid scientific training. The book is unusual, extraordinarily interesting. Why say more?

The discussion of Japanese sword-furnishings is a work of love on the part of Miss Gunsaulus as well as a professional task. The collection of sword-mounts in the Field Museum was long the property of her father, the late Frank W. Gunsaulus. He presented the collection to the Museum in 1916 and at that time it contained 746 sword-guards and 173 other pieces of metal work pertaining to swords. No field of Japanese decorative art has attracted more attention or aroused greater enthusiasm than this of sword-furnishings. The skill shown in mixing alloys, controlling colors, inlaying and combining different metals, chiselling and engraving, developing patina, has been wonderful. The workmanship is dainty and charming. Miss Gunsaulus has given great care to the arrangement, catalogueing and identification of her treasures and, in this report,[2] she goes over the entire field of her subject. She traces the kinds and uses of swords in Japan from prehistoric times down to 1876, when the samurai were compelled to give up their swords under the new regime. Such sword-fittings as are here described became prominent in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In the seventeenth century the art became so highly developed and the pieces so beautifully adorned, that good workers put their names upon their masterpieces. Sword-guard art reached its height of delicacy and refinement in the Tokugawa period. The technique of different periods varies and even different artists of the same period show characteristic traits that are recognized by the special student. Indeed there are "schools" of these art-craftmen, some of which continue from generation to generation. So intricate too were the processes of manufacture and decoration, that an entire special vocabulary of terms is necessary for describing the pieces. Miss Gunsaulus goes deeply into all these details. She describes her specimens in chronological order. In such a discussion three things must claim attention—the function of the piece, the nature and quality of the workmanship, the design of the decoration. The collection has a good representation of the different periods and schools; it contains specimens, many of them signed, by the best known artists. Our author gives much attention to the designs, explaining the meaning of emblems and symbols and narrating the story of scenes represented. The index of signatures will be useful to collectors and the general index is full and adequate. There are sixty-one plates containing good illustrations of selected specimens. There are already many descriptions and beautiful illustrations of sword furnishings in print. For the most part they are in costly and large works difficult to find and use. An introduction to the entire subject, reasonably full and of convenient size, with ample description and illustration has long been needed. The nearest approach to such a work in this country has been the catalogue of an exhibition of sword-guards at the Fine Arts Museum in Boston; it however was limited in scope. This book by Miss Gunsaulus thus meets a real need.

In one and another magazine article Prof. Glenn Hughes of the University of Washington has called attention to a Japanese theater in Seattle in which plays in Japanese are rendered for Japanese audiences. The company giving the plays is known as the "Jiyu-gekidan" and it has presented two kinds of plays—those of European authors translated into Japanese and those of modern western-influenced Japanese dramatists. The older, definitely Japanese drama presents three phases—the stately and aristocratic "No," the popular "Kabuki," largely given to plays built on the hero-traditions and national history, and the "Nigyo-shibai" or puppet show. The theater, however, as all else in Japan, has been influenced by the west and that in two

[1] "Man and Mystery in Asia." Ferdinand Ossendowski. New York: 1924. E. P. Dutton and Co. 16mo; pp. xvi, 343.

[2] "Japanese Sword Mounts in the Collections of the Field Museum." Helen C. Gunsaulus. Chicago: 1923. Field Museum of Natural History. 8vo; pp. 195.

ways. There has grown up an interest in and an admiration of the foreign drama, which has led to the translation and acting of foreign plays from those of Shakespeare to those of Ibsen and Shaw, Tolstoi, Hauptmann and Strindberg. There has also grown up a new realistic drama, quite along western lines, but Japanese in matter and in presentation. Plays representing both of these tendencies have been produced in Seattle under the direction of Mr. Yozan T. Iwasaki. Feeling that this combination of eastern and western dramatic art has considerable interest and illustrates a notable movement, Prof. Hughes has aided in the bringing out of a little book, "Three Modern Japanese Plays."[3] All three of the plays have been rendered in Seattle by the "Jiyu-geki-dan." The three plays are: "The Razor," "The Madman on the Roof" and "Narikin." All are one-act plays. "The Razor" was first rendered in Japan in 1914 and has been popular; "The Madman on the Roof" was printed in 1919 and first acted in the Imperial Theater in Tokyo in 1920; the third play, "Narikin" is by Mr. Iwasaki himself and is a farce in which sport is made of a narakin (*nouveau-riche,* war profiteer). Prof. Hughes has written an introduction to the book and he and Mr. Iwasaki have collaborated in the translation and putting into good English form. The book is a real contribution to a new and curious field.

The fourth *Buddhist Annual of Ceylon*[4] is at hand. It is for the year 2467 B. E. (1923 A. D.). It contains a variety of articles on Buddhist subjects by many writers—Ceylonese, Indian, English, German, French and others. Some of these are historical, others doctrinal, others narrative or descriptive. All aim to show the significance of Buddhism as a living religion. The section "News and Notes" gives news from the *Buddhist World.* In Ceylon the work of lay-education seems to be attracting much attention. There are three schools of higher education—Ananda College, Mahinda College and Dharmaraja. One of the most stimulating articles of the book is devoted to Mahinda College. The main purpose of this school is to embody "Buddhism in practice," to exemplify "the application of Buddhist principles to daily life." Its second purpose is "to be a center of *oriental culture* in the widest sense." "Lastly we want our boys to go out into the world well equipped to hold their own in life's struggle." There are 650 boys in the school. Besides these three higher schools, the Buddhist Theosophical Society maintains a large number of vernacular schools for boys and girls. Among the articles dealing with points of doctrine, we found Brewster's "Study in Christian and Buddhist Contrasts" of especial interest. Comparisons showing similarities between the two religions are common enough; it is more important that differences be emphasized. Most contrasts that have been shown have been by Christian writers, who desire to condemn or destroy and fail to mention contrasts favorable to Buddhism. The *Annual* contains many illustrations, the most interesting of which are portraits of Buddhist scholars and reproductions of modern paintings in which Buddhist scenes are represented. This Yearbook contains much that should be widely known and will well repay examination. In this country, it may be conveniently secured through the Open Court Company in Chicago.

"The Wisdom of the East"[5] series now extends to many volumes, some of which have been printed again and again. It is under the general editorship of L. Cranmer-Byng and S. A. Kapadia. In London it is published by John Murray; in this country it appears under the name of E. P. Dutton and Co. Among new numbers, and numbers recently reprinted, two have lately come to hand. "The Flight of the Dragon" by Lawrence Binyon is an essay on the theory and practice of art in China and Japan. The author draws altogether on native sources. He first states "the six canons" laid down by Hsieh Ho in the sixth century and recognized ever since. They are: (1) rhythmic vitality, or spiritual rhythm expressed in the movement of life; (2) the art of rendering the bones or anatomical structure by means of the brush; (3) the drawing of forms which answer to natural forms; (4) appropriate distribution of colors; (5) composition and subordination; (6) transmission of classic models. The rest of the book is devoted to the development and exemplification of these six canons as shown in the pictures and writings of the two nations. The other number, "Vedic Hymns," consists of a selection of hymns from the Rigveda, edited and translated by Edward J. Thomas. The hymns selected cover a wide range, both in the deities addressed and in the religious sentiments expressed. There are four vedic collections—the Rigveda, Samaveda, Yajurveda and Atharvaveda, of which the Rigveda is the larger and, on the whole, older. It consists of 1028 hymns arranged in ten books. While most of the hymns are addressed to deities, some are narrative, dramatic, or magical. The period they represent ended at about 1000 B. C. They are chiefly interesting as showing the growth and development of religious conceptions. Dr. Thomas has done his work conscienciously but, as is commonly the case in the scholarly and critical translation of ancient religious texts, the translations are dull and lack the fire and spirit, which must have been present in the old worshippers.

That veteran worker in Hawaiian history and folklore, Thomas G. Thrum, gives us a new volume under the title, "More Hawaiian Folk Tales."[6] For a full half-century he has compiled and published *The Hawaiian Annual,* a storehouse of information regarding the Islands, which no student can ignore. As for myself, I never pass Honolulu without buying the latest issue of the *Annual* for ship reading. Mr. Thrum is also the editor of that great mass of material known as the "Fornander Collection of Hawaiian Folklore," belonging to the Bishop Museum and published by it. Much of the material in the book before us has already appeared in the *Annual* and the "Fornander Collection," but it is here presented in convenient form for ordinary readers. The stories now presented have been collected and told by various authors and therefore differ somewhat in style and form. All, however, throw light upon the life and thought of the Hawaiians, a typical Polynesian people, interesting for many reasons. The material is presented under three headings—traditions, legendary, beliefs and practices. The traditions are, or appear to be, narratives of actual events; the legendary stories are more evidently mythological, with little claim to respect as history. In the third part, there is

[3] "Three Modern Japanese Plays." Yozan T. Iwasaki and Glenn Hughes. Cincinnati: 1923. Stewart Kidd Co. (New York: D. Appleton Co.) 16mo; pp. 104.

[4] "The Buddhist Annual of Ceylon." Colombo: 1923. W. E. Bastian & Co. 4to; pp. 72. (Through the Open Court Co., Chicago.)

[5] "The Flight of the Dragon." Lawrence Binyon, London: 1922. John Murray. 16mo; pp. 112.
"Vedic Hymns." Edward J. Thomas. New York: 1923. E. P. Dutton and Co. 16mo; pp. 128.

[6] "More Hawaiian Folk Tales." Thomas G. Thrum. Chicago: 1923. A. C. McClurg and Co. 8vo; pp. (viii) 323.

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A QUESTION OF MORALS.

Editor of UNITY:

Is it true that moral effects come only from moral influences? Very frequently when reading UNITY I have felt impelled to believe it. I believe that slavery was a very wicked system and that its abolition was moral in a very high degree as a political act, although it was a war measure, done with the expectation that the emancipated Negroes would desert their masters, that plantations would be left uncultivated or only half cultivated and that the Negroes would enlist in the northern army. I believe that the Jesuit principle that the end justifies the means is a very immoral principle. But I believe that human life presents an exceedingly tangled skein of filaments, threads, yarns, lines, ropes, shreds and patches, and that although a belief that moral effects come only from moral influences is a very cheerful faith, the attempt to justify it by experience is rather hopeless. I remember that so great and good a man as Daniel Webster declared that the abolitionists were fanatics, that they did a great deal of harm, and that he voted for a resolution to the effect that there should be no more discussion of the slavery question either in Congress or out of Congress. I remember, too, that Herbert Spencer said that however horrible and shocking the wars of savage tribes with one another had been, and however bad we might pronounce the conduct of those who engaged in the slaughter, yet such wars had been a factor in consolidating the tribes into nations, and although it would have been much better if such consolidation had been affected without the wars, yet we could not but view the consolidation as a step forward in social progress, and, therefore, that very bad conduct might be regarded as relatively right when viewed in relation to conduct that would have been still worse.

What is it to be opposed to the existing order? I have heard the phrase frequently but have never put any definite meaning into it, and have never understood what meaning others put into it. There are many things in our social and political institutions that I think are bad, and I am opposed to what I regard as bad. Does "the present order" mean all existing institutions? I do not think it likely that any person gives so broad a meaning to it. But what does it include?

I would have less difficulty in affirming my opposition to the present disorder, to war, to the confusion that has brought famine to so many while others were suffering from inability to sell their food products.

My earnest prayer is that God will bless UNITY and its editors, and reward them liberally for the splendid work which they have accomplished for peace on earth and good will towards men.

With best wishes for all, I continue,

Yours very truly,

GEORGE ELIOT.

Heyden, via S. S. Maria Ont.

The moral influence of our nation and the confidence of other nations in our disinterestedness compel us to assume leadership and take a definite part in the movement for world peace. We should endeavor to secure a joint agreement for international disarmament and also for a referendum on war, except in case of threatened invasion. We claim that those who are asked to fight and bear the burdens imposed by war should be consulted when possible before this sacrifice is required of them.

We solemnly assert that the teachings of Christ furnish the only basis and hope of permanent peace, and earnestly appeal to all branches of the Christian Church to unite in bringing mankind to an acceptance of Him in order to establish a universal brotherhood founded on righteousness, justice and peace.

We enjoin upon the boards and agencies of our church, particularly the Board of Christian Education, together with our ministers and members, to do all in their power to accomplish this purpose, which we believe to be in accord with the will of God and in harmony with the teachings of our Lord and Master.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 426 W. Broadway, New York.
"The Everyday Bible," Edited by Charles M. Sheldon.

Ganesh & Company, Madras, India.
The Secret of Asia: Essays on the Spirit of Arian Culture.—By Prof. T. L. Vaswani.

The Hammond Press, W. B. Conkey Co., Chicago.
Utopian Essays.—By John Veiby.

B. W. Huebsch, Inc., 116 West 13th St., New York.
The Conscientious Objector in America.—By Norman Thomas.
The Sin-Eater's Hallowe'en, A Fantasy. —By Francis Neilson.
"Arlie Gelston" and Her Critics.—The result of a unique effort to gauge public taste in literature, Roger L. Sergel's novel is judged by 73 lay critics.
A Strong Man's House.—By Francis Neilson.
Where Green Lanes End.—By Helen Swift.

The Macmillan Company, 64-66 Fifth Ave., New York.
Essays by Present Day Writers.—Edited by Raymond Woodbury Pence.

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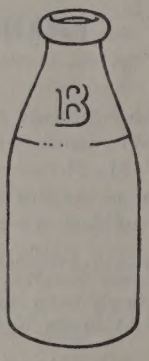
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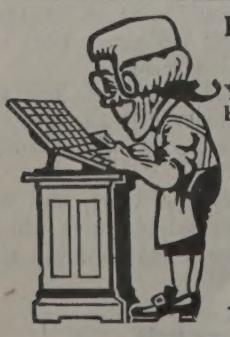
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